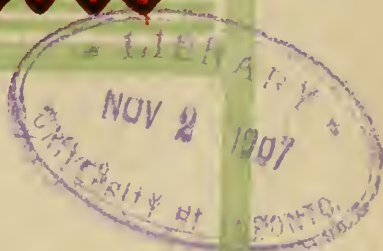


Vol. XXXI.

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No. 1

Acta Victoriana



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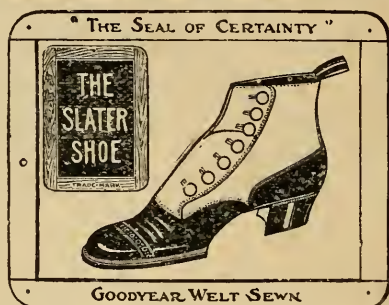
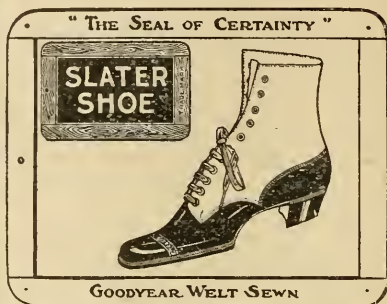
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FOR 1907 (in part)**

October:

1. Night Schools open (Session 1907-8).
Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incor-
porated villages and township Boards to
Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections
on same day as Municipal elections, due.

November:

9. KING'S BIRTHDAY.
30. Last day for appointment of School Audi-
tors by Public and Separate School Trus-
tees.
Municipal Clerks to transmit to County
Inspectors statement showing whether or
not any county rate for Public School pur-
poses has been placed upon Collector's roll
against any Separate School supporter.

December:

9. County Model Schools Examination begins
10. Returning Officers named by resolution of
Public School Board.
Last day for Public and Separate School
Trustees to fix places for nomination of
Trustees.
13. County Model Schools close.
14. Local assess-ment to be paid Separate
School Trustees.
Municipal Councils to pay Secretary-Treas-
urer of Public School Boards all sums
levied and collected in township.
County Councils to pay Treasurers of High
Schools.

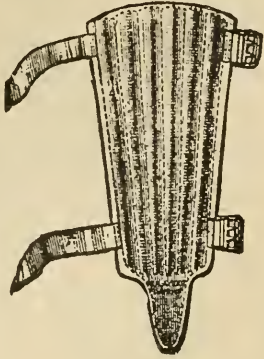
18. Provincial Normal Schools close. (First
Term.)
19. Last day for notice of formation of new
school sections to be posted by Township
Clerks.
20. High Schools (First Term), and Public and
Separate Schools close.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY.
High School Treasurers to receive all
moneys collected for permanent improve-
ments.
New Schools and alterations of School
boundaries go into operation or take effect.
By-law for disestablishment of Township
Boards takes effect.
26. Annual meetings of supporters of Public
and Separate Schools.
30. Reports of Principals of County Model
Schools to Department, due.
Reports of Boards of Examiners on third
Class Professional Examination, to De-
partment, due.
31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to
transmit to County Inspectors names and
attendance during the last preceding six
months.
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer, due.
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and in-
corporated villages to be published by
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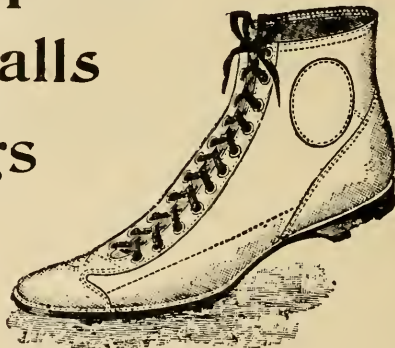
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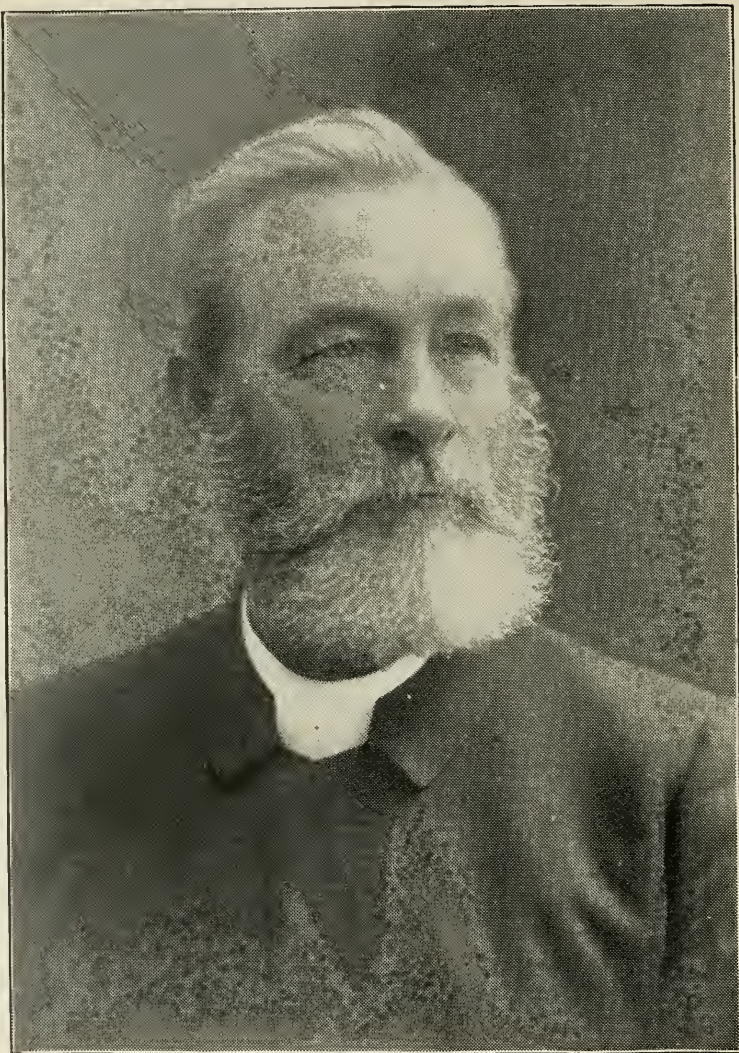


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Acta Victoriana



Published monthly during the College year by the Union
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto

Vol. XXXI. Toronto, October, 1907. No. 1

Some Notes of a Trip in Germany

PROF. L. E. HORNING.

THE liberality of the Board of Regents of Victoria College made it possible for me to get a much-needed rest, and so it came about that in April, 1906, I gladly turned my steps to Germany, after an absence of fifteen years. I knew that I should be sea-sick, and I was, but shall not enlarge upon that point, other memories are more pleasant. Suffice it to say that nine days after leaving Toronto Mr. Misener and I were in Leipzig, and were settled in our temporary abiding places inside of twenty-four hours. On our way we had visited the famous *Ratskeller*, of Bremen, but no such fantasies came to us as to the gifted Hauff.

Once in Leipzig we settled down in good earnest to attending lectures at the University, for the summer term had just begun. But we found that we were tired after our session at Victoria, and found also that the Leipzig climate was very trying to us. However, the term was to me very enjoyable from the educational standpoint, though I could have wished for better health. During the term I had made the acquaintance of a very staunch Britisher from Australia, and together we planned a trip south in August, as Mr. Misener's plans were such that he could not be my companion. We shook off the dust and depressing heat of Leipzig on July 30, and began a journey of some 1,300 miles, zigzagging *up south* until we reached Lucerne, and then came down the valleys till we

reached Frankfort and turned toward Leipzig, making good stops at Eisenach and Weimar on our way. We had glorious weather all the time with the exception of two days and visited Jena, Nuremberg, Regensburg, Munich, Innsbruck, Lake Constance, St. Gallen, the lovely district of Appenzell, Lucerne, Zurich, Singen, the Black Forest, Strassburg, Heidelberg, Mannheim, as well as the other cities already mentioned. It



was an ideal route, grand weather, and we benefited in every way by it. One night's strenuous battling was our only unpleasant experience, recalled a few days ago by a postcard from Greece in which my friend wrote "of fighting all unarmed and fighting all alone." Did he meet as many foes as we together fought that August night, 1906, then I am indeed sorry for him.

Our first stop was the university town of Jena, where the student is king. One group was just celebrating the anniversary of something or other, and their house and lawn was gay with bunting and gayed with the gaudily dressed members, old

as well as young. And the reputation of Jena concerning the consumption of the national beverage was suffering no eclipse. The university is a very dilapidated old building, but a fine new auditorium will be ready in 1908. On almost every house in many of the little crooked, narrow streets one sees tablets to the memory of the great men of past generations. Here Schiller was professor in 1790, and Goethe, a governor of the university; Tieck, Novalis, the Schlegels, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Rückert, Ebers and others, helped to contribute to Jena's glory. From here Fritz Reuter was taken to serve a sentence of seven years for his part in the troubles of 1848. The Frommann house, which Goethe used to frequent, is now a "büro," and the Schiller house is in the present Observatory gardens. Here we saw the granite block commemorating the completion of *Wallenstein* in 1798, studied the splendid Dannecker bust of the great idealist, and sat at the stone table of which Goethe speaks, as recorded in Eckermann's conversations: "At this old stone table did we often sit and exchange many a good and great word." We also walked out past composed the *Erkönig*, and under the foot of the mountain we saw the statue to the king himself. Highly delighted with our first day's experience we took the afternoon express for Nuremberg. We climbed the hills as the sun was sinking, enjoying to the full the rolling landscapes, after the dead level of the Leipzig country, catching glimpses of ruined castles, until finally we reached Nuremberg, thirty minutes late, or at 10.15 p.m. The Bavarian Exposition was on in full swing, but by the aid of the well organized bureau of information we at once got comfortably settled. Our first day we spent at the Exposition, a fine exhibition of the manufactures, industries and agricultural products of Bavaria, and yet like expositions in America in every respect. Then we spent two days studying the town itself, but if I ever get a chance to go again I shall stay much longer. In the first place the South Germans are a most comfortable class of people to get along with, for *bonhomie* is their striking characteristic. The general is as free and genial as the ordinary citizen; there is absolutely no stand-offishness, and everybody is ready to do you a good turn. And in the second place the town itself is full to overflowing of historic interest, monuments and treasures.

Here Hans Sachs, the great writer, the friend of Luther, was at home, his house still standing. There is also a fine statue of him in one of the public squares. This was the home of the great etcher, Albrecht Dürer, and his house is an interesting museum. I wish I could properly describe to you the *Bratwurstglocklein*, where these famous men and their companions, such as Peter Vischer, met to drink beer, eat sauerkraut, and talk literature and art. Two small rooms, blackened with the smoke of centuries, but full of names famous in German



annals, is visited by a stream of travellers from all lands, some of whom do as these mighty men of old used to do. Churches and public buildings, private houses, statues and bridges; at every turn you see something old, quaint or historic. And the walls and moats! What immense expenditure of time, men and material was made to lay the immense wall with its huge blocks of granite, all perfectly useless now as a means of defence, indeed was almost as soon as built. Up at the citadel was the first museum we saw. In it there is a

room where emperors from the days of the Crusaders to the present have tarried over night. The long list of visits recorded calls to mind the scenes in which each ruler had a part, a panorama of intense interest. But the museum proper is a gruesome place, for in it are stored up the multitude of instruments of torture which a cruel Inquisition made use of for various purposes, and include the famous Iron-Virgin, at which one cannot look without a shudder. What horrible misconceptions of the religion of the Meek and Lowly One are



testified to in some of those rooms! I never want to see that museum again! But in the *Germanic Museum* there are treasures innumerable relating to the life of the past, back as far as records go. One really ought to visit only one room a day, and some rooms require more time. Life in the home, in the school, on the field of battle, in the church, in politics and art, can all be studied in the immense collection, and by the study

the pages of history and literature would be made brighter and clearer. Lovely old Nuremberg!

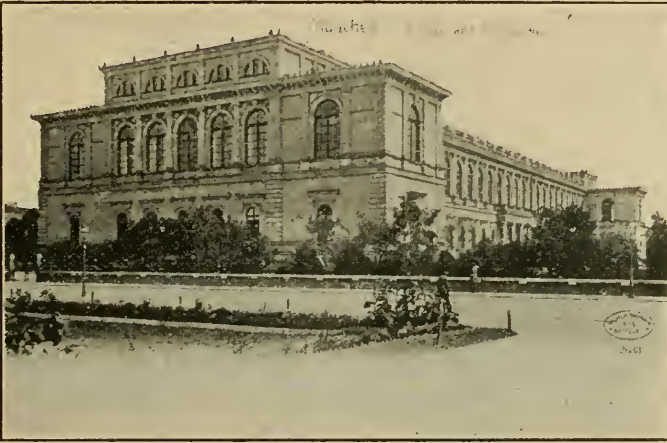
Our next stop was Regensburg (Browning's Ratisbon), which has a very interesting Cathedral. Here we got our first view of the "blue Danube," and blue it was. Out about six miles from the city is a very fine imitation of the Greek Parthenon, called *Walhalla*, or the German Temple of Fame. It occupies a commanding position above the Danube, is exquisitely finished, and contains about eighty-three busts of the famous men in the literature, politics, history and sciences of Germany. The late Emperor, William I., is the last one admitted to a niche. But we cannot leave Regensburg without saying a word about the famous white *beer-radishes*, which are sent all



over Germany, and bring in wealth to the fortunate possessors of the lime-filled lands on which they thrive so well.

Our next move was to Munich, where we spent five perfect days. Lying some 1,900 feet above the sea in a fertile plateau, the air is very bracing and invigorating, and in the distance we see the beginnings of the mountain ranges so well known to all travellers. The city is the seat of the government of Bavaria and the second university of Germany, in point of numbers, is found there. There are not many famous churches, but the libraries, museum and galleries make it equal to Dresden in interest and importance. The library of the university has a splendid collection of old manuscripts, including that of the

Nibelungenlied, great numbers of early books in famous bindings, and autograph letters and poems from nearly all the famous writers, historians and politicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, indeed many still earlier. Here one sees, too, the original scores of the great masters in music, such as Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Wagner, and others. The student of painting would be delighted with the *Old Pinakothek* with its *twelve* main halls and *twenty-three* cabinets devoted in regular order to the different continental schools, one large hall to the fleshly Rubens. How much one could learn by taking a room a day, how little one knows after giving two



or three hours to the whole, and that is what most tourists do. The *Schalk* gallery and the New *Pinakothek* supplement and add to the wealth of art in the old collection, and make Munich a city in which to live and study. In this city we also find a Germanic museum second only to Nuremberg but unexcelled in a collection of carved ivories, valued at 5,000,000 marks. The royal residence is very interesting, because of its paintings of historic persons and famous court beauties, its tapestries, miniatures, historic furnishings (in one room Napoleon I. was a guest) and its wall paintings representing scenes from the *Nibelungenlied*, the national epic of the Germans.

We were very loth to leave Munich, but we were looking forward to an excursion into Austria, or rather Tyrol, for Inns-

bruck was our next place of call. The situation is beautiful, the sea of mountains, some of the peaks snow-capped, forming an enchanting background. All this we enjoyed immensely. Not so the stay over night, for we found too much company in our room. We, therefore, shortened our stay, and proceeded early the next morning to Lake Constance by the famous *Vorarlberg* railroad. This made a trip from Kufstein to Lake Constance of 225 miles of the grandest railroad scenery I have yet seen. Snow-capped mountains, precipitous ravines, narrow ledges for the roads, rushing torrents, castles and ruins, the old in nature and the history of man told as we sped along. We were fairly exhausted with gazing and enjoying the grand views presented at every winding of the road. We spent a



quiet night at Bregenz, and then the next day took steamer for Roschbach, and proceeded from there to St. Gallen, one of the famous old centres for the earliest missionary efforts in Germany, and having literary monuments of the first rank. In the evening (Saturday) we took the electric car to Trogen, where we spent a most delightful, restful and absolutely quiet Sunday. Up to this point we had done no other tramping than was called for as we went from point to point in the various cities and towns. After this most helpful Sunday's rest we joined the great army of "trampers" who flock to Switzerland and, like all beginners, we made a record our first day. But this is another story, as the master says.

Autumn Voyageurs

WALTER CORNISH.

THE doctor hummed a few bars of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and ran his experienced eye over the snugly packed "turkeys." Then our canoes shot through the tumbling waters, carrying as picturesque a quartette of travelers as the settlement had seen for a moon.

We had unanimously voted that the world was too much with us; and that, for a season, we would charitably strike it from our visiting list. We thirsted for some lonely spot where we might bathe our spirits in the sweet illusions of childhood, before Winter came. We found it. Its name was Lake Kahweambelewagamot. So we arranged our personal attire to match. Persons who set out to be Kahweambelewagamotites had to be unique. We were.

The frau wore what appeared to be a parody on a Japanese robe. The doctor smoked placidly in a suit of the last century. The B.Sc., who was ordinarily an authority on subdued tones, now wore a weird garb of many colors; and her shirt-waist was suggestive of a Cobalt prospector. The writer revelled in a nautical jersey, and vivid knee-breeches from whose hip-pocket gleamed a .32 Iver-Johnson. We were all very happy.

The dawn was full of white light and the music of birds; while a fresh breeze helped to send our tiny craft swishing through the lake with glorious swiftmess. Of course we all sang—with the exception of the Doc., who made a series of guttural sounds, which he facetiously called "joining in."

At the head of Johnny Cake Bay the first of the series of portages was before us. A portage is one of life's weightiest retributions, if you have provided no sort of pack-mule. We had been wise. A loquacious teamster, with a burden of backwoods lore on his soul and a three weeks' growth of whisker on his chin, was in waiting. The tin pans rattled, crack went my lady's mirror, the two canoes strained and creaked in a leash of ropes; and over the hills we trailed towards the Blue Haze.

It was queer about that Blue Haze. Somehow it seemed to promise the calm of a great knowledge. It hung round the world like the rim of a primæval chalice, filled with great

pools of gold; and during many days I found myself straining for a glimpse of the Guest, in whose honor the world was spread.

We lunched at Hardwood Lake, where a dual discovery was made. We found out that pork fat is uncongenial in one's tea; and that our friend, the teamster, was a rabid politician. We, therefore, left behind both pork and teamster, for such reminders of the earth were become forbidden things.

And now we no longer needed to cry for "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Brooding on the face of the sun-flooded waters, lying among the bushland grasses and flowers, swathing the gnarled Laurentian piles of stone, was the spirit of silence—silence so intense as to tighten the throat with untranslatable emotions. The speechless eloquence of the gods had touched our ears, and we were in a mood to feel great truths.

When the red lights of a ranch winked round the bluff, at the head of the Fletcher waters, we raised a few hundred echoes among the hills, and spoke to each other tenderly of supper. The Haliburton appetite was on us; and when the settler's buxom wife brought out her best, we worked hard. Of course, to be true to the feminine tradition of dissatisfaction, the women in the party grumbled at the hostess' non-provision of table napkins and fresh-cut flowers; but, being ravenously hungry, they finally pardoned her for everything except her face, which was undeniably handsome, after its kind.

This was the beginning of an epoch of research. The B.Sc., who is an authority on hatpins and anatomy, dissected the interiors of snakes, birds, and other things. The Doc. plunged through distant bogs in search of ducks. The Frau spent her days in the creation of a more perfect system of chaperonage. And I sat on the edge of the land in an attitude expressive of deep and profound thought, but actually giving the sunlight a chance to soak in.

Towards the end of a week a vague spirit of unrest seized us. The B.Sc. phrased it. She said, with an abstracted look on her face, "What about Lake —er—?"

"Kahweambelewagamot?" queried the doctor.

We had forgotten we were Kahweambelewagamotites! We moved. Yelping dogs, hill-shaking cheers, and floods of sunlight, are all pictured in the movement.

The itinerary now included Round Lake, Bear Lake, North River, and Lake What's-'em-call-it. (The better you remember the name the worse it hurts your throat. Anyway, Kahweambelewagamot is short for Hollow Lake, so a settler told us.) This last we found lying at the heart of a rough, shaggy territory, undiscovered by more than a mere handful of folk, brimming with salmon, and the source of many a trapper's legend.

But this chronicle may not contain the story of our explorations, maroonings, winds and calms, in this place. It may only say that, in the procession of days, it came to pass that we sorrowfully parted even from Lake Kahweambelewagamot, and returned to the world with our captures of fish and fun. The stock of fun was large. The captures of fish were small. But with the dividends realized in sunbrown and strength we were more than satisfied.

Indeed, I am left with but one unfilled desire. It is, that the Land behind the Blue Haze is a territory still to be explored.

Graduation

The youth, with eager step, with ardent soul,
 Far up the mountain's rough and craggy side
 Had struggled till he reached the longed-for goal,
 And at his feet beheld the prospect wide. . . .
 A faint, far murmur breaks the stillness deep,
 The cry of human anguish, heard not when
 He sought the peak. Must he descend that steep
 Once more to common things and common men?
 In thought's high pathway eager to prevail,
 We strive for knowledge; abstract things we scan
 Until our souls are deaf to that sad wail
 Of woe by which the burdened heart of man
 Calls for our help. Comrades, let us be still,
 For in that cry of man we learn the Father's will.

F. H. LANGFORD, '08.

Over the Hills to the Poor House

IT was Sunday morning. The rising bell at the County House of Refuge rang out lustily at 6.30—a whole hour later than usual. Fritz had been down in the kitchen before six, and started the fire in the range and laid out the pails ready for milking. Then, with a sense of duty well performed, he had mounted the great, high stool beside the kitchen cupboard and, with a supercilious smile, awaited the arrival of the “womin folks.” Fritz was always interested in the women, but he did not “like to talk to the critters—jest to look at ’em.”

Big, bustling, grey-haired Polly was the first to appear upon the scene. “Come on you girls, get your pails and all aboard for the milkin’,” she called out with the air of a Cæsar calling forth his men to battle. Then, when all had metaphorically answered “Present,” she turned and proudly led the procession to the barnyard.

When the milking was over and the cats were all fed, the women carried their pails to the “separatin’ room,” and washed for breakfast. Betsy, Emeline, Little Jenny and such other females who, on account of old age or some other infirmity, were judged incapable of milking had, in the meantime, been scurrying around the kitchen under the direction of the cook preparing the morning meal, and incidentally affording an infinite amount of amusement to Fritz.

And now all was ready. In the men’s dining-room at the right of the kitchen the tables were set, and the benches placed to seat sixty men. To be sure, there was no table linen, the spoons were only pewter, and the china was the unbreakable sort, but then “sich things is not to eat,” as Fritz says. Enough for Fritz that there was porridge in the soup-plates, great piles of thick-cut bread, and good butter placed at regular intervals on the tables, and an odor of coffee pervading the room. But this morning, as a special Sunday treat, “Mam” had decreed that, on account of the unusual generosity of the hens, they should have boiled eggs—one apiece—for breakfast throughout the house. So there they were in large, granite pans on the tables, and Fritz couldn’t help hugging himself to

think he was the only man who knew anything at all about it.

"Ring the bell, Fritz," shouted Betsy. She was somewhat deaf, and imagined everybody else was, too. "The men folks is back from the barn, and breakfast is ready now." Fritz took his time about it. It was now his turn to work, and Fritz wasn't particularly fond of waiting tables.

At the first tingle of the bell there was a bargain-day rush for the dining-room. Each man made a bee-line for his accustomed place and, without any preliminaries, began to bolt his rations in the accepted style. Soldier Bismarck ate his egg, shell and all, to save time, but Zippie was "done" first as usual, and with a self-satisfied grin he stalked out of the room.

One by one, the men adjourned to the backyard. Tobacco pouches were drawn forth from bottomless pockets, pipes were filled and the smokers were happy. A rather distinguished-looking man sat on the corner bench, and played his violin, but the rest of the inmates did not appreciate Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Little Teddy was running opposition over near the house with a brand-new mouth-organ which "Mam" had brought him as a "solvenir" from Toronto. He played "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" to a large and delighted audience and, by way of encore, he played it again. Bismark was standing apart marking time. His red coat and huge, wooden gun ought to have commanded respect, and even awe, but there was old Dumbie cautiously approaching his august person with the express purpose of implanting a kiss somewhere on his dear, old, egg-stained face. Little Teddy looked up and, seeing Bismark in such imminent danger, stopped his ditty in the middle of a bar.

"Bismark—Dumbie, she'll kiss you!" he screamed at the top of his voice, forgetting that neither of them could hear a word.

Polly heard the noise and joined the rescue party but, before either she or Teddy could intervene, the deed was done. And Bismark, in the most unsoldierlike fashion, took to his heels and ran as fast as his thick-set frame would allow, shaking his fist menacingly all the while to signify his disapproval of such publicity in the demonstration of the affections.

"You old fool, you," scolded Polly, shaking the triumphant

Dumbie and trying to make her hear. "Come on in, now! I'm goin' to tell Mam on you."

Dumbie only smiled and bowed to everybody like a prima donna acknowledging her congratulations, threw a kiss to the enraged Bismark and, quite undismayed, gave herself up to the arm of the law.

So the morning passed quietly away, but soon after dinner it began to be evident that something of unusual interest was about to happen. Such a splutter as there was with the dish washing! Polly was sure there never were so many dishes before. In the very white heat of the excitement Fritz had absented himself from the kitchen for the space of one minute and forty-five seconds only to resume his position, decked out with celluloid collar and ministerial tie. Zippie knocked impatiently at the kitchen window.

"There's Zippie, bless his heart and stockin's," said Polly. "Didn't I go and ferget to give him his clothes!" She threw down her dish cloth and bolted up the stairs, two steps at a time. In a minute she bounded down again, and hurried out the back door. In all the five years since she had undertaken Zippie's laundry work she had never been so late.

"Here's your things, Zippie," she said as she gasped for breath. "Your white vest's wearin' out, but I'll get you a new one. Now hurry up and get dressed and look like the gentleman you are. Mind you're not late."

Then she turned him face about, administered a sounding whack between his shoulders, and rushed madly up the stairs to superintend the dressing of the girls.

The great clock in the main corridor was striking two when "the boss" drove up to the chapel with one of those dear, old, white-haired brethren of the itineracy. The inmates were not particularly partial to the Methodist ministry as a rule, but Father Jackson, by virtue of belonging to the old-fashioned, amen school, was quite an exception. So the chapel bell did not ring a minute too soon that day, and all who were not absolutely devoid of the sense of hearing, lined up and went to chapel in true Ladies' College style.

Father Jackson waited till all were seated, and the men had all ascertained who sat opposite on the women's side, and vice

versa, and then he gave out the hymn. The singing, under Polly's leadership, was a decided success. Polly sang the air and everybody else followed on behind with discordant variations. When prayer time came, nobody prayed but Father Jackson and old Daddy. Prayer, evidently, wasn't excessively popular with the inmates.

Then came the sermon. The text was somewhere in Haggai, so Polly didn't bother looking it up. Little Teddy had brought his mouth-organ along and, with the awful penalty of a tobaccoless week staring him full in the face, he noiselessly drew out his treasure, crouched down behind Darky Bill, the Hercules of the establishment, and started up "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" most pianissimo. He just wanted "to see if it was all right yet," he told "the boss," when he was called upon to account for his misdemeanor. Then little Jenny had to get a "coughin' spasm," and upon Betsy and Polly devolved the duty of pounding it out of her, while Fritz sat and watched the performance with breathless interest from his seat in the rear.

When the service was over, Zippie stood in the doorway and acted as usher. On such occasions, Polly was unspeakably proud of her boy. "You're every inch a gentleman, ain't you, Zippie?" she would say, as she held out her hand, and Zippie always said he was. All too soon the lines were formed again and all marched back to the main building. "Comin' back here is jest like comin' down from Mt. Pisgah, that the song talks about," declared Polly, as she smoothed out her finery and folded it up for another week.

Polly was worried that evening. There was no doubt about that. "Gentlemen don't wear ragged vests like Zippie's," she told herself over and over again. She wondered how much a new one would cost. There wasn't much in the little velvet purse, which hung from her neck—only a dollar and twenty-eight cents, by actual count, and Polly had heard that men's clothes were "awful expensive."

About eight o'clock, a bright idea seized her. A few minutes later she was hurrying up-stairs with "the boss's" Saturday paper. She had hoped to reach her room first, and to peruse the gents' furnishings advertisement, unmolested by her nine room-mates, but there they were, every last one of them, in

ahead of her, and "Mam's" portly figure coming down the hall with her bunch of keys.

"Good-night, Mam. Yes, the girls is all in," she said, and then the key was turned.

There was nothing else to do but to show that precious paper to all the other girls, so Polly heroically sat down in the most comfortable chair, and let the other girls look over her shoulder.

Yes, sure enough, there was a large gents' furnishings advertisement on the back page. Polly just knew there would be. She let the girls admire the pictures for a while, and then she dismissed them abruptly. "Now, youse can all clear off," she said. "I want to read."

The girls had no interest in anything but pictures, so they went to bed, while Polly attacked "the readin'." Presently she breathed a sigh of relief. "Zippie can have his vest," she thought, as she counted out a dollar and a quarter from the velvet purse, and tied the pile up in the corner of her handkerchief, "so as not to ferget."

As she was folding up the paper, her eyes fell upon the words, "House of Refuge," on the first page. Breathlessly, she spelled out the title.

"Corpses at the County House of Refuge will hereafter be sent to the Medical College unless claimed by friends."

Polly fairly gasped. She was dying to read more but the town clock struck nine, and out went the lights.

Oh! the anguish of that night! Polly will never forget it as long as she lives. Personally, she was not concerned in the least. Uncle John was going to bury her in the family plot in the cemetery down town, but Zippie had no Uncle John, and Zippie was such a gentleman, too.

When the rising bell rang, Polly was up and stirring. She had fully decided to play a supernumerary rôle that day, so she ground her teeth, assumed a blue-Monday countenance, and did her hair up in the severest little nob behind, to strengthen her in her determination. Betsy nudged the other girls behind her back and guessed she'd "got the dumps."

While the milking was in progress, the men stood around the barnyard in little groups and talked "kind of sober-like" Polly thought. She was burning with curiosity to know what

it was all about, but every tingling hair-root reminded her of her secret solemn vow.

With the air of a martyr she entered the kitchen. Betsy sidled up to her apologetically and whispered in a most subdued and supplicating tone of voice:

"Polly, did you hear? Bismark died, sudden, last night. Will you fix up my hat stylish like yours for the funeral "

Bismark dead! He had no friends. By rights he ought to be buried up on the hill in the Poor House cemetery, near the old pest-house, and all the inmates ought to be allowed to go and help Polly sing,

"I'm going home to die no more,"

while Zippie and Little Teddy shovelled in the ground. But the paper said Bismark couldn't have a funeral, couldn't even be buried at all. It was too awful to be true.

Zippie came and brought his Sunday linen for the wash, but Polly was strangely uncommunicative that morning, and so Zippie stood around and looked like a sheep-killing dog. Suddenly the sound of wheels was heard in the direction of the lane, and Polly was on the "qui vive" in an instant.

"The undertakin' waggon sure as you live," thought Polly. "Perhaps Bismark had rich friends after all."

Meanwhile "the boss" and "Mam" had held a hurried consultation, and concluded that they could keep the secret no longer. Past experience had taught that to win Polly over was half the battle, so "Mam" laid aside her work and prepared for her Waterloo. She found Polly on tip-toe at the dining-room window.

"Polly," she said, "I want to see you in the office at once." There was nothing for Polly to do but to follow Mam up the stairs into the private quarters.

Few people know just what happened in that dingy office during the next half-hour, but when the door was opened, Polly's eyes were red and swollen, and "Mam" looked very solemn.

Polly could speak again. "Mam, kin I get that newspaper the boss gave me last night, and my seissors, and will you give me some white paper, and some of that sticky stuff, and let me sit here in the office for a while?"

"Mam" did not refuse. She would have granted Polly half her kingdom at that moment if she had asked for it.

Two hours rolled by before Polly was seen again. Then she came up to "Mam" and, smiling through her tears, she blurted out: "Here's my will, Mam. I want you and the boss to sign it, and put it with my papers. See how I done it? I can't write, except my name, but I can read, so I just cut out the words and pasted them on. I'm sorry I got it so dirty, but I couldn't help cryin' a little. I wouldn't of done it for nobody else but Zippie. He's such a gentleman, and he's got to be buried respectable, so I jest made my will, and Zippie's to be buried 'long side my family and I—"

Her voice trembled and the great, round tears ran down her cheeks. "Mam" shed one or two for company.

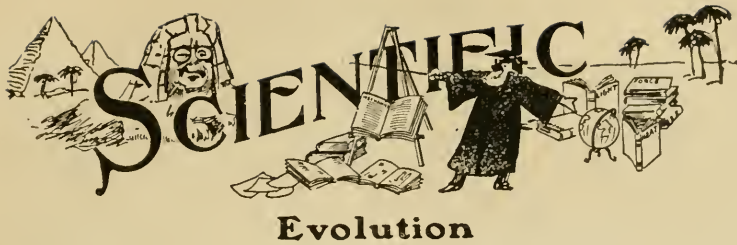
"Well, Polly, what about you?"

"Well, it's jest like this, Mam, hain't I always been your right-hand man, first up in the mornin', first done with the dishes and the like? You know me and 'preciate me. But there's Uncle John and Aunt Eliza, and all the rest of my family, they always thought I wasn't good for nothin' but the Poor House, and I jest want you to tell them, when I'm dead and gone, that, if I wasn't no good for gettin' money and hangin' on to it, I'm goin' to Medical College, and that's somethin' none of the rest of 'em done, what's more."

She reached in her pocket for her handkerchief. The tears were almost blinding her.

"And oh, Mam, I most forgot. Here's a dollar and twenty-five cents, and will you buy a vest like that there fellow has on for Zippie? Zippie lives in the Poor House, but all the same he's a gentleman, and don't you ferget it."

B. MABEL DUNHAM, '08.



W. A. McCUBBIN, '08.

"This world was once a fluid haze of light
Till toward the centre set the starry tides
And eddied into suns that wheeling cast
The planets. Then the monster, then the man."

—*The Princess.*

MANY vague and erroneous ideas are extant with regard to the evolution theory brought forth by Darwin and other scientific investigators; and many people stand ready to condemn their work unheard, when a proper examination of the facts on which their conclusions are based would produce a strong respect for what these conclusions claim to be—merely a strong and satisfactory theory which accounts in a scientific manner for various phenomena of life on the earth. It is the purpose of this article to give merely a bare outline of the nature and extent of the evidences which support the evolution theory without venturing into technical details.

Leaving out of present consideration the beginnings of life on the earth, these evidences, broadly speaking, seem to point to the origin of all forms of life, not from a number of original forms identical with those at present in existence, but from a common ancestry, the descendants of which under differences of circumstance and environment, have in the course of countless ages gradually changed from simple unicellular organisms to the multiplicity of complex animal and plant forms which populate the earth to-day.

The method by which such a transformation could take place may be easily seen by a glance at some existing conditions, which we have no reason to suppose were ever, in the history of life on the world, other than they are at present. It is a commonly observed fact that offspring resemble their parents very closely, but it is evident that, since we can easily distinguish the individuals in a family this can only be approximately true; or, in other words, there always exists

some *individual variation* from the parental type. Further, of all the young produced in a generation only a few come to maturity; else in a few years the world would be overflowing with one species alone. Now, of these young, some, owing to the individual variation mentioned above, will be better fitted to protect themselves from their enemies or to obtain food, and a greater proportion of these favored ones will of course survive, and will to some extent transmit the advantageous characteristics to their offspring. In this way after many generations the plant or animal in question will change itself so as to be as perfectly adapted as possible to its surroundings. Now, if a group of animals be isolated from the main body through any cause and continue to live apart under different conditions of food, surroundings, and relations to other animals, the action of the two principles mentioned above will produce in time changes different to those taking place in the parent body. This isolation may occur in various ways. A mountain range, a desert or a river may form an impassible barrier, or the group may be cut off on an island by sinking of the earth's crust. If such separation continues until the two groups will no longer inter-breed when again brought together, two permanently distinct races are formed, or in other words we have arrived at a very satisfactory explanation of the origin of species. Thus it is evident that *individual variation* in conjunction with the "*survival of the fittest*," will account for the gradual evolution of the animal body, while isolation could be easily responsible for the production of different species.

There are four main lines of evidence in support of the view that such a course of events has actually taken place in animal and plant history.

The study of Comparative Anatomy presents a countless array of facts which can only be satisfactorily explained by such a view. The remarkable similarities of structure between the organs and skeletal parts of entirely different animals have no significance whatever viewed from any other standpoint, while the idea of a common origin at once makes their relation clear. Nor can we account in any other manner for the numerous occurrences of apparently superfluous parts in nearly all animals, as for example the vermiform appendix of man, the so-called "splint" bones in a horse's leg, the pelvic bones

in a whale, or the rudimentary vestiges of wing bones in some wingless birds. Besides these, anatomy shows an almost complete series of animals representing the various stages in the course of the general evolution of life as it has taken place according to the theory.

It would seem as if in this evolutionary march some were swifter and are now well advanced on their way, others are leisurely plodding along the course at various intervals, while some of the tardy ones can scarcely be said to have begun the journey. It is from these scattered travellers that we gather a conception of the probable changes passed through by the higher forms in reaching their present state.

Another important source of evidence is that of embryology. It is most remarkable that each individual of the species recapitulates more or less completely in its own life history the stages of development mentioned above. Just as the race began as a simple cell and gradually complicated its structure in succeeding generations, so each individual begins life as a simple cell, and passing in the course of a few weeks or months through the same stages by which its race progressed during long ages of evolution, reaches finally the adult condition. In this state it adds on the infinitesimally small advances toward perfection acquired during its own individual life. These in turn transmitted to posterity become a part both of the species as a whole and of the life history of succeeding individuals.

The evidences of Embryology and Anatomy, however, though not direct, are seen to be of extreme importance when taken in conjunction with that furnished by Palæontology. Here we have a direct, reliable history of life on the world indelibly engraved on books of stone and faithfully preserved for us in the deep chambers of the earth—in vaults of solid rock. Unfortunately, such a record, from very evident causes, cannot but be exceedingly fragmentary. It is only through a long chapter of accidents that such remains could be preserved at all, and of those which were, many have been since destroyed by geological disturbances, while many are still, doubtless, buried deep under the sea. Of those accessible to us the greater proportion are still undiscovered, while many of those which have come to the notice of man have been lost through ignorance. Still in many cases the record is fairly complete, and from a study of this record it appears conclusive that life on

the earth has been a progressive evolution from lower to higher forms exactly as indicated before. In the lower strata no indications of life are found. The earliest remains are of simple structure, while succeeding strata present a series of related forms increasing in complexity as they near our own time, and gradually approaching the structure and size of existing animals.

The horse furnishes us with a good example of this. By means of skeletons found in many parts of North America, and of which every good museum has at least casts, the horse can be traced back through a gradually changing ancestry to a small, somewhat dog-like animal with five toes and short legs.

The geographical distribution of fossil remains and of existing flora and fauna is also in strict accordance with this theory. Geology tells us that North and South America have been separated by the sea until comparatively recent times; and this explains why their animal life is so different; while North America and North Asia, being but a short time sundered by Behring Strait, have almost the same kinds of animals, the time being too short in the one case to allow the interwandering of northern and southern species, and in the other to produce new species by divergence from the parent type which was common to both Asia and North America at the time of separation. Similarly, Australia and other large islands have flora and fauna distinctly their own. They were isolated very early in geological history, and from the animals then existing all over the eastern world their forms have evolved differently from the main body and from each other.

The value of the various lines of evidence here touched upon is immensely increased by the remarkable agreement they represent and the striking absence of conflicting elements in their innumerable details. There are few theories which are so well supported and which give a more rational explanation of natural phenomena than the much-abused theory of evolution. It is unfortunate that it should be summarily rejected by many as supposedly conflicting with the teachings of Holy Writ. But surely the Great Creator of All is not the less worthy of the respect and reverence of His children whether He shows forth His divine wisdom in one single arbitrary act of creation, or in the gradual unfolding of the beautiful flower of Life.



Silver Bay

MISS E. A. CLARK, '09.

AT the opening meeting of the Students' Conference at Silver Bay, Miss Condé quoted from Dr. Adams—"A college is an opportunity plus an inspiration." This might also be said of the Silver Bay conference: an opportunity to spend ten delightful summer days amid beautiful mountain scenery and historic associations, and to meet college women of all types; together with the inspiration of contact with consecrated men and women, whose lives are spent in the solution of student and missionary problems.

The Eastern Student Conference for Young Women is held each year at Silver Bay, on Lake George, during the last week of June. It is primarily an American convention, but Canadian delegates receive a very hearty welcome. This year thirty representatives, from seven of our colleges, were present. We are hoping some time in the near future to have a Canadian conference of this kind; but until then we gladly avail ourselves of the privileges of this gathering.

The purpose of the conference is "to lead young women into the knowledge of God and the doing of His will, as the one satisfying mission in life." The first meeting struck the keynote of this life of consecrated service—"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly—let the peace of God rule in your heart—and be ye thankful."

Throughout the conference the missionary spirit was strongly emphasized. This year we had the privilege of having with us Miss Ruth Rouse, secretary of the World's Student Federation, and the vision she gave us of the world's work and needs was an inspiration and a challenge. The motive for missionary effort, as set before us, was not pity or duty, but a desire to help other nations to lay their gifts at Jesus' feet. Miss Rouse, from her wide knowledge of conditions of life in so

many lands, spoke of what we will learn from different countries and what gifts they have to offer. From Japan we will learn intense loyalty and attention to details. (We do not comprehend sheer devotion of worship and the true abandonment of sacrifice, but we will learn from the East, particularly India. Women students in Russia, wrestling with problems which we can scarcely understand, are passionate, intense and reckless in their adherence to a cherished cause. Let us give them a worthy object for their devotion.

Three times at least, we are told, our Lord came in contact with foreigners, and these meetings are significant. Three wise men of the East came and worshipped; and from the East we learned how to worship. A Roman centurion came to Christ and said, "for I am a man set under authority"; and through Rome we gained our system of church organization. Lastly the Greeks came and said, "We would see Jesus"; and they received sight and gave us our philosophy.

Work in India received particular emphasis; and political as well as religious problems were considered. The Indian mind is slowly being aroused to a keen national consciousness and to a realization that hitherto warring factions should stand together as a political unit. The scare-mongers are much alarmed about this movement, but most thinkers consider it a healthy sign.

Various mission study classes considered the work in different countries, and, if time was lacking to make the survey quite comprehensive, it was at least suggestive and encouraged further study. The women students in Lucknow every evening pray for the students of the world. Shall we be less broad in our sympathies? And to pray intelligently it is necessary to know.

Short, interesting sessions dealt with student problems and committee work. We gained many helpful ideas from our progressive American friends, whose enthusiasm is contagious. Special emphasis was laid on the work of each committee and each individual committee member. Any member can make or mar the success of a committee, and "no committee liveth unto itself."

Perhaps one of the most impressive addresses was given by Mr. Robert Speer, of New York. He spoke of the man with

a mission. "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John"; an autobiography of a life typical but not unique. The really consecrated life cannot fail. It may appear to be a failure, as did John's, but the Master, the best judge of character, said: "There hath not arisen among men a greater prophet than John the Baptist." Real life, commissioned by God, must live for life. God, who is eternal, could not wish us to waste our lives on things which are temporal. "We travel this way but once, and we travel it God's way or not at all."

Instead of a resumé of other meetings, let me give a few suggestive sentences, a gleanings of the very best things said: "Each duty that is to be rightly done must be done with a hot heart."—Mr. Speer. "Intellectual strength is not measured so much by what the mind rejects as by what it receives."—Dr. White. "Accurate thinking is essential to confident Christianity."—Dr. White. "The hour of opportunity is close to the hour of prayer."—Dr. Hall. "The comparative degree of righteousness is doing more harm than anything else I know."—Dr. Stone.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

JOHN E. BROWNLEE, '08.

THE Conference of the College Young Men's Associations held at Niagara-on-the-Lake from the fourteenth to the twenty-third of June, was an event of great importance to the religious life of our Canadian colleges and universities. Hitherto this conference, intended for the colleges of the Central States and Ontario, had been held at Lakeside, in Michigan, but for several reasons the Central Committee decided on a change, and this year, for the first time, it was held on Canadian soil, and the historic old town of Niagara-on-the-Lake was determined upon as the site of a future Canadian Northfield. The change proved to be a wise one, as the attendance was much larger than it had been in former years, while its effect upon our Canadian colleges was quite apparent. Last year the total Canadian representation at Lakeside was but twelve; this year the Toronto delegation alone numbered over seventy.

Queen's University was well represented, and the Guelph O. A. C. sent over thirty. Victoria—the heart of Canadian Methodism—alone failed in her duty, and was represented by only five delegates.

Niagara-on-the-Lake proved to be an ideal place for such a conference. As a pleasure resort it is well and widely known. The village itself is very picturesque, and its historic surroundings add much to its attractiveness. The Hotel Iroquois, where the conference was held, is beautifully situated on the banks of Lake Ontario and sufficiently withdrawn from the village to allow of perfect rest and quietness. To add to the general interest, it may be mentioned that the militia were in camp at the other side of the town, and proved to be very good company save when some of the speakers found their remarks rather sharply punctuated by the reports of the rifles from the ranges on the lake shore not far distant.

The programme of the conference varied but little from day to day. Immediately following the breakfast hour groups were formed at various places throughout the grounds for the several courses in Bible Study work. These courses proved very valuable to those who were to be leaders in Bible Study work in their colleges during the coming academic year, although the short duration of the sessions made any exhaustive treatment of the subjects impossible.

Upon registration, the members of the conference were enrolled in Mission Study Classes, which met after the Bible Study groups. The present condition of, and the outlook for, the missionary movement in China, Japan, Africa and the home field were here made the subject of special study.

An important feature of the programme was the series of Lifework meetings, held both morning and evening throughout the session. The object was to aid and advise such of the students as were yet uncertain of their life's work. Returned missionaries, leaders in the Y. M. C. A. movement at home and abroad, and men prominent in the ministry, at different times placed the claims of their respective callings before the students so clearly and forcibly as to lead to the criticism that after each address one felt that such particular work was the one which most appealed to him. Special attention was given the Y. M. C. A. movement, which is now expanding so rapidly

as to be in constant need of young men for secretaries. Mr. Budge, General Secretary of the Montreal Y. M. C. A., was present during the session, and gave many interesting talks on the Secretaryship, the qualities necessary for success in that position, and its work in detail.

"It is necessary and desirable," said John R. Mott, in one of those severely logical addresses so characteristic of the man, "that we withdraw from men and the world from time to time for spiritual renewal and realization." His words state briefly one of the great privileges afforded to the students of the colleges of this country by this summer outing. The enormous development of material forces on this continent, and the great multiplicity of organizations in our college life, make such a withdrawal extremely difficult, and raise the question, "Is there not a danger of the same carelessness and disregard of things spiritual creeping into our colleges as, we are told, is quite common to the university life of England, France and Germany?" We are to-day in danger of a kind of worship of machinery, which, with the increasing difficulty we experience in withdrawing from things temporal, only emphasizes the need of being able for a time to centre our thoughts on things invisible and spiritual. This, indeed, is the fundamental purpose of the conference, to give those in attendance an opportunity for self-examination, to aid them in their supreme decision, and to give such a stimulus to their religious life as will show itself in their endeavors to be of some service to their fellow-students whom they will meet in the following college term.

And it would be difficult, indeed, to attend this gathering without receiving such a stimulus. The meetings on the Lake shore are delightful beyond description. Brought directly into the presence of Nature, as seen in the quiet calm of the great lake, glorified by the radiance of the western sky, pitiful indeed would be the condition of one in whom it touched no responsive chord and who was not thrilled with a desire to harmonize himself with this vast scheme of creation. By such influences were we prepared for the words that fell from the lips of men like Bishop McDowell, John R. Mott and Robert Speer, and few indeed can have returned from those meetings without a keener feeling of their responsibility and

a determination that henceforth their lives shall be of greater service to their fellow men than they have been in the past.

To attempt any summary of the several addresses given at those meetings would be here impracticable and undesirable. It is sufficient to say that the keynote of the convention seemed to be a plea for a higher and greater spirituality among all trades and professions, in public as in private life. This note was struck first by Rev. John Macdonald, editor of the *Globe*, in one of the strongest and most virile addresses given during the conference, and it was emphasized by nearly every speaker who followed. It is neither logical nor desirable that to the minister and evangelist alone should be left the responsibility for the spiritual welfare of our country. With its present unprecedented expansion, and at a time when men are living at a higher pressure than ever before, there is only one thing which can preserve the religious life of our people, and that is that every man should feel his own responsibility, and in his own sphere of influence, however small, by precept and example shed forth the influence of a high spirituality. In law, medicine, journalism and in trade, as well as in all the humbler walks of life, each man is to a certain extent a missionary, consciously or unconsciously exerting an influence over those with whom he comes in contact. How urgent the need, then, that all men be impressed with this sense of responsibility, and how important it is that this ideal of a higher spirituality be constantly placed before them.

In the colleges and universities of Canada and the United States this message will be delivered to the thousands of students there enrolled. May it meet with a favorable response! For to us much is given, and from us much will be required, and if we who are about to become leaders among our fellow-men fail in our duty, what can be expected from those to whom Fortune has not been so generous?

The Canadian Northfield has been firmly established, and promises to exercise as great an influence on Canadian student life as was exerted for so many years by the great annual gathering of American students at the original Northfield. We trust that next year advantage will be taken of this golden opportunity, and that Victoria will have no cause to be ashamed of the number of its delegates, but will be able to claim the recognition that is due the great centre of Canadian Methodism.

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ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to J. E. BROWNLEE, Business Manager
ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

Editorial

A First Word

With this number, once again a new board of management makes its initial bow. We approach the task of conducting ACTA for the coming year somewhat diffidently, yet inspired by the record of a long array of successful predecessors, and by the thought of what our paper has been and may be to Victoria. It shall be our purpose to maintain and make more secure the enviable position it already holds in the field of college journalism. To this end we ask the co-operation and assistance of the students and all who have the interests of Victoria at heart. We shall do our best. We rely upon you to do your part towards making this academic year, which has opened so auspiciously in Toronto University, a banner one in the annals of ACTA VICTORIANA.



Student Support

Very frequently one hears such remarks as, "There should be more articles in ACTA by the students," and "A college paper should be for the college"; and it is generally the case that those who have most to say about the proper method of conducting ACTA do least towards its practical support.

We believe a college magazine should be primarily for the college, and the product of the college, but to have it so, more is required than the mere dictum of the Board of Management or the best-intentioned efforts of the editorial staff. It necessitates the intelligent assistance and hearty co-operation of the students. That co-operation we ask of you for this year. We want your contributions and we want your best. Nothing else is fair to yourself, worthy Victoria, or useful to us. Surely, if ACTA is worth maintaining at all, it is worth the sacrifice of a little time and thought on the part of every student. If everyone would only feel a personal responsibility for ACTA's success, and do what he could by sympathy, friendly criticism, and above all, by contributing to its pages, our paper's future would be assured. Again, we ask you to help us.—“DO IT NOW.”



A Homily

At the beginning of a year advice is always generously distributed and as cheerfully disregarded. For this reason we hesitate to add to the abundant supply already lavished on incoming students; yet there is no time like the beginning of an academic year for one to form correct ideals, because, upon his conduct during the first few weeks so much of his future success or failure depends. Therefore, at the risk of being considered too didactic and pessimistic, we desire to call the attention of the student body, especially the first year, to some of the dangerous tendencies of present-day life at Victoria.

The most casual observer of the past few years cannot but have been impressed by two outstanding facts: first, a marked decline in scholarship and literary attainments; and secondly, a multiplicity of societies, organizations, and student functions. One naturally wonders if there is any casual relation between them.

So much has been said about “the fine social life at Victoria,” and the necessity of getting an “all-round education” that we seem to have relegated mere study to the background, considering it as something very good in a way—about examination time for example—but of quite minor importance in

the ordinary routine of the year. Reception, tennis, sport—all these are requisite to a full and complete education, but earnest, serious systematic study is too academic and narrowing—such must be the interpretation of the actions of many of our so-called students. We should be the last to advocate the life of the “plug,” or to belittle honest, wholesome sport or true social intercourse, but it is well for us to get a correct idea of the relative importance of things. Each of these elements has its place and function in college life, but when all is said and done, the main business of the student should be to study. Scholarships and medals are not a fair criterion of ability. Certainly we cannot all be prize-men, but it is disgraceful that so many, after having spent four of the best years of their lives, presumably at some line of study, can leave college without any really definite knowledge or true appreciation of the work they have been doing, or worse still, without having developed a capacity and inclination for steady systematic work. Yet such is too frequently the case. We have so often heard it said that the actual facts we learn at college are more or less unimportant that we have gone one step farther and have learned nothing at all. Much of the actual knowledge we acquire is transient, and will soon be forgotten; but we should at least have obtained such an insight into the beauties and inner meaning of our work as to inspire us to further reading and research.

The cause of this pseudo-college life is not far to seek. We have become so led away by the desire to become “all-round” men and women that we have dabbled into everything, and done nothing thoroughly. We have truly become “round”—so round that there is not enough individuality left in us on which to hang an original idea. We have multiplied social functions and college organizations till our time is spent, a little here, a little there—anywhere, except in the lecture-room or the study.

We are all starting a new year. Some are beginning their college course. Let us plan our life for this year, and then try to live up to it. Despite what is said about becoming “all-round,” don’t try to do everything. You can’t. Make up your mind to specialize in some line, and do it well. In your

scheme of things let study hold a prominent place. Make the most of your time. It isn't so much the time actually *spent* in other things that interferes with our studies, as the time *let pass*. We are not pleading for the examinations next June. If our year is spent aright they will look after themselves, but we do urge all to be true to the highest ideals of our college and university.



As we go to press the college is plunged into mourning by the decease of one whose name has long been most intimately associated with it, and to whose untiring zeal and financial and administrative ability Victoria's success is in no small measure due. To every student and member of the Faculty Dr. Potts' death comes as a personal loss, for to his Alma Mater he was not only a wise and far-seeing counsellor, but a true and loyal friend. Not Victoria alone, nor yet the Methodist Church, but the whole country, is the richer for his life and poorer by his death. His intellectual and business acumen, his impassioned eloquence, his broad and tender sympathy, and most of all, his intense hatred of sin and wrong and his steadfast devotion to duty and right, have won for his name an international reputation and a respect and affection which time cannot efface.

Dr. Potts needs no eulogy from us. The influence of his life and example is his own best monument, and his memory will ever be green in the hearts of those who knew him, as one of God's greatest and best. To the bereaved relatives we extend our sympathy, and trust that in their grief they may have the solace of knowing that the world is better because of the life of him for whom we mourn.



Faculty Changes

Students, on returning to College this term, have been greeted by two new faces among the Faculty—those of Mr. C. E. Auger, B.A. (Vic.), and Mr. Victor de Beaumont, A.M. (Columbia).

Mr. Auger has been appointed Lecturer in English to succeed Mr. Allison, and will also give a course of lectures in

public speaking. Owing to the steadily increasing attendance and consequent pressure of work it was felt necessary by the Board of Regents to secure a man who could give his whole time to college work. Among the numerous applicants for the position, Mr. Auger, by his credentials, was placed in the foremost rank, and was the unanimous choice of the Board. To us as to all who know him his appointment is a source of peculiar satisfaction, and we hope and feel that, with his knowledge of student life and student problems, he will form another link in the bond between Faculty and students. Mr. Auger graduated from Victoria in '02, after four years well filled, not only with study, but also college activities, as is shown by the fact that he held such important positions as President of the Bob Committee and Editor-in-Chief of ACTA. After graduation he attained marked success as Instructor in Washington and Jefferson College, and vice-Principal of Me-Keesport High School, Pittsburg, Pa. He has completed two years' resident study in the University of Chicago, having held the Fellowship in English there last year, and is at present a candidate for the degree of Ph.D. from the same university.

While regretting the departure of Mr. Allison, who by his untiring zeal and genial manner had endeared himself to his classes, the student body extends a cordial greeting to Mr. Auger, and wishes him the success we so confidently expect from his past record, both as a Victoria undergraduate, and later as a student and teacher.

Mr. de Beaumont comes to us as Lecturer in the French language and literature to assist Dr. Edgar. A graduate of Columbia in 1901, he spent the next three years in post-graduate work there and abroad, receiving his A.M. in 1904. Since then he has attained marked success as Instructor in the Romance Languages in Williams College, Mass., and he is now a candidate for Ph.D. To Mr. de Beaumont as to Mr. Auger we extend a hearty welcome.



Our Literary Competitions

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the annual essay and short story competitions. The same conditions and requirements will obtain as last year, except that the final date

on which articles will be received is December 21st.

The essay competition, for which a prize of fifteen dollars is awarded by the Union Literary Society, is open to all undergraduates who are members of one of the Literary Societies and paid-up subscribers to ACTA. No person having once taken the prize is eligible to compete again. All articles submitted become the property of ACTA Board, and must be in the hands of the editor-in-chief by the end of the Michaelmas term.

A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best short story. The same conditions will hold, except that this competition is open to all. Further announcements will be made in November ACTA.

The Woman's Literary Society have also placed at our disposal ten dollars to be awarded as a prize for poetry. Of this also there will be further announcements later.

These competitions have been steadily increasing in favor in the past. We trust that this year will see still greater interest taken in them, and that many will avail themselves of this opportunity to support, in the most practical way, their college paper.



Notes

This month Victoria has been the recipient of two very generous gifts from the bounty of her friends. The munificent donation of five thousand dollars by Mr. Cyrus A. Birge, of Hamilton, has rendered it possible for the college to take advantage of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's offer of a like sum towards a new library, the erection of which is now assured.

Another gift which we record with especial pleasure is one from a recent graduate of Victoria, who has achieved remarkable success in the business world, Mr. C. L. Fisher, B.A., of Winnipeg. Mr. Fisher has given abundant proof of his love for his Alma Mater by a donation of an annuity of one hundred dollars. This is to be awarded in two scholarships to students of moderns of the first and second years.



OWING to the unavoidable absence from college of C. M. Stanley, the editor of "Personals and Exchanges," Acta loses a valued member of the staff, and the department this issue is not what we could have wished. We crave your indulgence and promise better things in the future. We also bespeak for the next editor your co-operation in making the pages of this column bright and interesting.

Dr. Bell, Dr. Horning and Mr. Misener are once more back in college halls after their year's leave of absence abroad. We are pleased to see them again and to know that they have all enjoyed their holiday and return to their work with renewed vigor, and greatly benefited by their much-needed rest.

We congratulate Dr. Bell on being the recipient of a well-merited honor from the University. While in no way severing his connection with Victoria, he now occupies the chair of Professor of Classical Philology in Toronto University.

A. G. Sinclair, '96, Ph.D. (Heidelberg), has returned to Canada after some three and a half years of study on the continent of Europe and in Great Britain, having obtained his Ph.D. from the University of Heidelberg in the fall of 1906. He is at present in charge of the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg.

A. R. Ford, B.A., '03, has severed his connection with the *Brandon Times*, and is now city editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*.

One more of Victoria's well-known and respected sons has left Canada to take his part in moulding the destinies of the Orient. In September 31st, G. E. Trueman, B.A., '06, sailed from Vancouver for Japan. Ernie goes out under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., and will occupy the chair of Professor of English in Tokyo University. His address will be 3 San-ehome, Mitoshirocho, Kanda, Tokyo.

Miss May Austin, M.A., M.D., leaves shortly to take up medical missionary work in West China.

After four years spent in teaching in South Africa and one in London, England, Miss K. V. R. Smith has returned to Toronto and is registered in the Faculty of Education.

The many friends of Homer Brown, B.A., '06, were pleased to see his genial smile again, as he called for a few days in Toronto, on his way to Trail, B.C., where he has been given charge of a mission.

W. A. Gifford, B.D., '04, also left on the 14th to take charge of a mission at Sandon, West Kootenay, B.C. It is rumored that there are two parsonages on the circuit. This seems a superfluity, but "you never can tell."

Miss E. C. Dwight, '05, has been appointed librarian at the O. A. C.

S. Percy Westaway leaves for China on the 28th instant to take a position in the press and book department in connection with missions at Chentu. It is whispered that he may not go unaccompanied. ACTA wishes him godspeed and success in his new line of work.

C. L. Fisher, '04, and wife, of Winnipeg, have been paying a flying visit to Toronto, and were among the large and appreciative audience which enjoyed the "Bob." In the success that has attended his career Mr. Fisher has preserved a warm affection for his Alma Mater, and he has shown in a very practical way his interest in her welfare. We wish him continued prosperity and success.

It is a gratifying sign of the times that Canadian university men are turning more and more to England rather than United States for their post-graduate work. This year Victoria has sent her full quota to drink of the beauties of old-world student life. E. W. Stapleford, B.A., '05, E. R. Brecken, M.A., B.D., '04, and J. S. Bennett, B.A., '05, have gone to Oxford, the two former to take special work in theology, and the latter to pursue the further study of his beloved classics. D. M. Perley, B.A., '04, has also crossed the water and will spend the winter in study at Glasgow, thus necessitating his retirement from the editorship of the Missionary department of ACTA. We wish them all a pleasant and profitable winter in the Old Land.

The announcement has recently been made of the engagement of Miss Alice A. Will, B.A., '03, and Mr. Stewart, C.E., of Rossland, B.C.

Mr. W. G. Anderson, B.A., '00, of London, has been appointed to the staff of the Jameson Avenue Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

Dr. R. A. Daly, '91, late of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, has been appointed to the chair of Geology in the Massachusetts School of Technology.

Warner Eakins, '04, and Joe H. Gain, '05, have entered into partnership and are conducting a bond and brokerage business at 354 Main Street, Winnipeg.

D. R. Gray, '04, J. A. Spencely, '05, and Clyo Jackson, '05, are back at college again, taking theology.

Rev. J. W. Graham, B.A., who was appointed Associate Secretary of Education of the Methodist Church to assist Dr. Potts, has recently taken charge of his work, with offices in Victoria College. Though still young, Mr. Graham brings to his new duties a splendid reputation both as a financier and a preacher, having occupied most acceptably such important churches as St. James', Montreal, and First Methodist Church, London, Ont. That he will be eminently successful in his new career is the expectation of all who know him.

'05 Reunion and Farewell

The veterans of the class of '05 have gathered again and again in an ever-lessening circle to bid adieu to their honored classmates, and, as the remnant of the army assembled at the home of Miss Edna Walker, B.A., '05, on Tuesday evening, October 8th, but few of the old familiar faces were recognized. In the minds of all were memories of other faces—some brightening far distant lands, and some—"their influence reaches from across the Great Divide."

Upon this occasion one more member of the year was to be sent forth into distant China, Mrs. Sparling (*née* Switzer), accompanied by her husband, Rev. Geo. Sparling, B.A., B.D. During the evening an illuminated address signed by the officers of the year, and a portfolio, were presented to Mrs. Spar-

ling,—but feeble links representative of those strong bonds which bind old '05 together. Old times, old themes, old scraps, all lived again, and as we arose and joined hands, the tiny circle grew in our imagination until not a few, but as of yore, all '05 sang "Auld Lang Syne," and with the class yell upon our lips waved "Au Revoir" to Mr. and Mrs. Sparling.

Gradually the smaller circle dies: it becomes a larger one—it reaches round the world.

Weddings

Among the several weddings of graduates, which have taken place since the last number of ACTA appeared, is one we note with especial interest, since the contracting parties are both recent graduates. We refer to the marriage of Mr. E. W. Stapleford, of the class of '05, to Miss Maud Bunting, '07. The wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's father, W. H. Bunting, St. Catharines, on Wednesday, the sixteenth of this month. Mr. and Mrs. Stapleford left on the Friday following for England on board the *Empress of Britain*. Ernie intends to take up a special course in theology at Mansfield College, Oxford. In May they expect to return, and in June will proceed to British Columbia, when Mr. Stapleford will enter upon his charge as pastor of Sixth Avenue Methodist Church, Vancouver. ACTA extends her best wishes.

One more evidence that the age of romance is not past is given by the wedding of a well-known Victoria graduate, A. W. Shaver, B.A., '06. On August 8th, at the Palace Hotel, Venice, Italy, he was united in matrimony to Miss Lila Cuthbert, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. Cruise, B.D., of Guelph, Ont., in the presence of eighty-four Canadian tourists. Miss Kormann, of Toronto, was bridesmaid, while the groom was assisted by his brother, N. C. Shaver, B.A., '06. After a sumptuous wedding breakfast, the party was treated to a gondola ride, accompanied by an Italian orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Shaver spent a month touring Italy and France, after which they returned to Toronto, and are at present located at 25 Maitland Street.

Some weeks previous to the departure, last October, of "Victoria's missionary gang" for China, four of the boys met in

solemn conclave and pledged themselves to bachelordom. Alas for human frailty! Before sailing two had already succumbed to the darts of the little winged god, and now from the far East comes the report that even Wes. Morgan's strength has failed him, and he, too, has joined the ranks of the benedicts. At the British Legation, Chentu, on June 26th last, he was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Hattie Woodsworth, daughter of Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, of Toronto. ACTA joins in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Morgan a long and happy wedded life.

Dr. Schofield, '89, Professor of Comparative Literature at Harvard University, has also recently taken unto himself a wife. Dr. and Mrs. Schofield have left for a year's sojourn in Berlin, Germany, as he has been loaned to the university there in the exchange of professors practised between some of the American and German universities.

SPARLING—SWITZER.—On September 10th, at the home of the bride, near St. Mary's the Rev. George Sparling, B.A., B.D., to Miss Dorothy Switzer, '05. The groomsmen was Mr. J. S. Bennett, '05, and the bridesmaid Miss Murs, of Toronto. They left for the coast on October 8th, and will sail for China with the contingent leaving Vancouver October 28th.

WARREN—WINTER.—On September 4th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Miss Margaret Winter was united in matrimony to Rev. H. S. Warren, B.A. ACTA wishes Mr. and Mrs. Warren every success in their labors at Echo Bay, where Mr. Warren is stationed.

Eber E. Craig, '96, B.R.P., was united in marriage on June 11th last to Miss Helen A. Bentley, at the home of the latter's sister in New Haven, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Craig will reside in Quincy, Mass., where Mr. Craig is assistant pastor of Bethany Congregational Church.

Obituary

The late Rev. John Potts, D.D.

The late Rev. John Potts, D.D., was born in the village of Maguire's Bridge, County Fermanagh, Ireland, April, 1838. He received in his native village the very thorough English and commercial education which has fitted so many young Irishmen

for a successful business career. In 1855 he emigrated to Canada and entered as a clerk a business house in the city of Hamilton. Shortly after he was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Charles Lavell M.A., and in the autumn of the following year entered Victoria College to prepare for the work of the ministry. At that date the settlement of Ontario was rapidly extending to Lake Huron, the Georgian Bay and the region between Muskoka and the Ottawa, and the demand for young men to fill the new fields opening up to the Church was very urgent, and before the end of his first college year he was taken from college and sent to Markham. He rose rapidly in his chosen profession, and during thirty years of work as a pastor filled in succession the most important pulpits of the Methodist Church in Canada. In this work he was distinguished by great fidelity and self-sacrificing work as a pastor, a work in which the poorest and most needy were never forgotten and in which he won the universal affection of his people. He was no less successful as an administrator, leaving every charge on which he was placed in a prosperous condition as to all its enterprises and contributions to the institutions of the Church. But his pre-eminent gifts were seen in the pulpit. There he attained a power such as few men of his time possessed, not by pretensions learning or glittering rhetoric, but by the presentation of great fundamental truth with a deep fervor of spirit and felicity of diction which charmed the imagination and taste of all his hearers, as it powerfully moved their emotions and won their hearts' affections. Attracted by these pre-eminent qualities, thousands flocked to his ministry and were won to a nobler moral and religious life by the power of his word.

In 1886 the General Conference of the United Methodist Church met in the city of Toronto, and the important question of the federation of Victoria College with the University of Toronto passed its first stage of approval, and the financial effort required to make such a movement successful was initiated, and Dr. Potts was chosen to lead the movement as Secretary of a Building and Endowment Fund as well as Secretary of Education for the Church at large. For this work his gifts as a public speaker as well as an administrator were pre-eminently adapted, and from the beginning his work was most successful.

When he entered on this work the income of the Educational Society was \$11,000 and the assets of the College less than \$250,000. As the results of twenty years of most strenuous work the income of the Educational Society was multiplied by three and the assets of the College by five. But in addition to this financial outcome of his work he now became a man of the whole Church; the churches from Newfoundland to British Columbia all delighted in his pulpit ministrations and profited by the power of his word. He never in the pulpit became a mere pleader for money, but preached the evangelistic message to the hearts of the people, and found in response no lack of gifts to the cause which he represented.

But the gifts and labors of Dr. Potts were not limited to one cause or to one denomination, or even to the land of his adoption. In England, and especially in Ireland, he was well known and welcomed with the highest appreciation. In all parts of the United States his reputation stood as high as in Canada. All the great benevolent institutions of the city of Toronto received from him a kindly helping hand. The Bible Society and the work of Temperance and Moral Reform commanded his warmest support. He occupied a prominent position in more than one field of Hospital work. For many years he was Canadian representative on the International Sunday School Lesson Committee, and latterly its honored chairman, visiting with them Britain and Palestine for their meetings across the sea. In fact we may confidently and truthfully say that few men of his age have filled out fifty years of active life with greater success or more universal acceptance by all classes of people. But while thus universally honored and applauded for his gifts and his work, to the end of life he continued to be the simple, large-hearted Methodist preacher, with no ambitions beyond the sphere in which God had called him and in which he was so pre-eminently useful. He might have stepped aside to positions of greater emolument or of seemingly greater prominence in the public eye, but again and again he resisted the temptation, determined to live and die among his own people, and to give all that he had to them. By that people his name will be cherished with honor and affection, and his monument will be the institutions which he did so much to build up to their present strength and perfection.

N. B.



The "Bob"

ONCE more the Sophomores bring before us in this time-honored ceremony the peculiarities, to put it mildly, of the Freshman class, collectively and individually. And once more the "verdant rabble" profane the sober halls of Victoria with noise and rioting not permitted at any other event of the year.

The thirty-fifth annual "Bob" was a distinct success. In spite of the restrictions that nowadays encircle the "Bob" and imperil its existence, such as the two-week limit, the committee presented on the eleventh day of the term a first-class performance. The Juniors are willing to admit that it was *nearly* as good as last year's "Bob," which was held on the twelfth day. They join heartily, however, in the congratulations which are being showered on the energetic members of the Bob Committee.



It was a busy evening for the Sophomores. Anyone arriving early at the hall would have seen them hurrying about engaged in the final preparations which, indeed, they had been carrying on all afternoon. By 8 o'clock, or shortly after, the finishing touches had been applied and the performance was ready to commence.

Just at this time a disturbance was heard at the entrance, and those already in their seats turned to see the throng of turbulent Freshmen pouring in, preceded by the charming Freshettes. With a great deal of hooting and horn-blowing, that made the place seem like the live stock section of a county fair, the Class of '11 finally subsided into their seats at the front of the hall. "*Conticuecre omnes*," etc.

Rev. W. H. Hineks, the chairman of the evening, opened with a brief but fitting address. He said that the other colleges

might well copy our method of receiving the first-year men, in place of the "hustling" and "scraps" that have hitherto prevailed. He also gave some account of the earlier history of the "Bob."

The first scene, entitled "The Interpretations," showed a



F. J. R. STAPLES, *President.*

"woman of darkness" explaining to the puzzled Chancellor that the woes darkening over Victoria, which he saw in a dream, were merely members of the Freshman year. President Staples made a striking figure as the witch conjuring up the shades of some very talkative Freshmen.

The second was the conventional registration scene. Though not an original idea, the scene afforded opportunities for some clever raps.

The third spasm, "Much Ado About Nothing," depicted a Freshman class-meeting, of which the "irregularity" was the

most striking feature. We could not help admiring the despatch with which the "President" nominated and elected by acclamation all the rest of the officers, except the autocratic Secretary.

"Innocents Abroad," as the next spasm was styled, showed a number of homesick Freshmen assembling at the room of a homesick companion. The doleful strains of "Home, Sweet Home," were unharmoniously offered up, amid most lamentable circumstances.

Spasm 6, "The Seats of the Mighty," was nothing more



L. H. KIRBY, *Secretary.*

than a meeting of the members of the Faculty, impersonated by Juniors and Seniors. The credit for the success of this scene is largely due to C. M. Wright, '08, who was both "playwright" and "leading man."

Next on the programme came the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," known more familiarly as the "Bob Song." It

was the joint composition of J. L. Rutledge, B.A., and J. E. Brownlee, '08. The first part was sung by F. J. R. Staples, '10, and the second part by L. H. Kirby, '10. Both the song itself and the rendering drew forth enthusiastic words of praise from the audience.

The closing scene was the presentation, and the speech from Robert. The speaker was greeted with loud applause, and was frequently interrupted with urgent appeals to continue the dis-



C. G. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*

course. Needless to say the Freshmen received the customary "jolly." And they were advised to work "hand in hand" with the young ladies of their year.

At the conclusion of the programme the committee held an informal reception to the First Year in Alumni Hall. A most enjoyable half-hour was spent there, and the hatchet was duly buried; buried deep beneath fruit and cake and "all-day-

suckers." The committee was composed of the following: F. J. R. Staples, President; C. G. French, Treasurer; H. L. Kirby, Secretary; A. L. Burt, W. E. MacNiven, F. J. Barlow, Roy Crocker, C. C. Washington, L. M. Green, A. E. Black, R. L. Biggs.

ECHOES FROM THE "BOB."

(On and off the stage.)

Freshman—"Anti-Bob!" Who's she? I have an uncle Bob!!

—"I don't want to register again, but what's that *factory* across the road?"

Chairman—The next Spasm is called the Recording Angel.

From the Stairs—He won't have anything to do with the Freshmen.

McC——, '11—"I'm here to register, not because I need it but because the church demands it."

O'Gee B., '11—"You can't trust those Sophs.; one sent me up to the ladies' study to put by hat there."

Between Acts—"Sing something, Freshies."

Raymer, '08 (after Freshmen's attempt)—"Was that a song?"

Em—ry, '11 (to the Chancellor)—"I tell you, my good fellow,—"

A sample of Freshman limericks:

"Mr. Burt was a man from the Junction,
Who wears a dress suit at each function;
Though he's built rather slight,
The suit is so tight
That it seems to adhere with compunction."

Dr. Ed—r—"Why should I go with them?"

Chancellor—"Just to add dignity."

O'Gee—"I believe that the serpent walked into Eden on its tail."

Rev. Beaton—"I have a new scheme for marking attendance at League meetings. There is a chart on the wall, and when a member is present he marks 'p'; when absent he marks

‘a.’ The idea has proved entirely successful, for there has not been one absentee since.”

In the Homesick Scene—“Hello, Connor, what’s the matter? You look like a small funeral!”

Stapleford—“My brother has gone through College, and was very popular, and I’m following in his steps.”

Robert—“I decided to leave home and parents, and serve my day and generation at Victoria.”

—“My friend, Dr. Hincks, has emptied the saloons.”

—“Victoria arose on the wings of the morning and came to Queen’s Park.”

From the “Bob” song:

“If you wish to pick this freshette out we’ll give you this one hint,

She’s the one whose head is lowered now with such a rosy tint.

She would never with a Freshman dare be seen,

For we don’t believe that pink looks well with green.”

“Now we come to young —, who is tall and very fair,

For the rosy fingers of the dawn have mingled in his hair.”

“Ask this freshette on the quiet to confess

Why she wears a pin that goes with S. P. S.”

“Here’s one here who’s called—, and he’s noted for his girth,

It makes you think immediately of circles round the earth.”

“It’s the same little freshette, yet perennially new,

With the same inward longing that the floor would let her through;

But think e’er you wish it, for whatever could we do

But leave our cosy corners here and all go too.”

“He preached his earliest sermon when a lad of twelve years old,

And if he has improved since then, the fact has not been told.”

“When — is home, her father does a funny stunt we hear,

Which lately caused offence to one whom —held quite dear.

In the parlor is a bell, the pater holds the string

And when the time is ten o’clock, the bell begins to ring.”

“A little chap, named —, came straying in one day;

His father brought him in, you know, for fear he’d lose his way.”

The joint reception of the Union Literary Society, the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A., was held on the fourth day of the Academic year. In spite of the necessary haste in its preparation, it was an altogether charming event, and was attended by a large number of students. We congratulate the officers of the societies represented on their successful conduct of this first college function.

Overheard at the reception.

Freshman (gazing distractedly at his programme)—“Let me see, I have the next with ‘white dress and white hair-ribbons!’ And I can’t read the name!”

Sophomore—“Really, I think this promenade will never end.”

Freshman (with evident relief)—“There! the piano has stopped; this one’s over.”

Victoria men have been distinguishing themselves during the summer. The following is an extract from the *Winnipeg Telegram*, Monday, June 3, 1907:

SEEDING IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Different Weather Required to Make Crops Grow on Soo Branch.

H. Edgar Hemmingway, a prominent Toronto business man, who has just returned from Weyburn, Sask., is in the city to-day. He has spent a week up in Weyburn, where he is largely interested in farm lands and lots.

“If the present weather continues,” said Mr. Hemmingway, “conditions around Weyburn will be rather unsatisfactory. The crops need different weather from that now prevailing to give the best results. Seeding is nearly completed, however.”

The following is imported from England:

Albright—“Is that a love-letter you are reading, Heman?”

A—m—g—“Oh, no! This is from a Victoria girl.”

As sure as the first of October comes around, some poor Freshman goes to apply for a room at Annesley Hall. No, we haven’t got that men’s Residence yet.

Miss M. Sh—y, ’11, made a mistake almost as bad, in wandering into McMaster instead of University College.

In the dining-room, after the fruit course—"Miss T——, will you please pass the plate on which we put our remains."

First Juniorette—"They say Chancellor Burwash is strongly in favor of segregation."

Second—"Yes, and Dr. Edgar, too."

Third—"And Dr. Wallace."

Fourth—"Well, say, how did they get to know their wives?"

Miss S., '09—"I was down town the other day and bought a raw hat. I mean untrimmed."

Miss McC., '11—"Say, I was at French to-day, and the teacher didn't call my name."

Miss D——n, '10 (looking at the tennis court)—"Oh, look at the white sceptres out on the campus."

We cannot publish the painful facts. Go yourself and ask Courtice, '08, how he got "stung" at the roller rink. If he won't explain, we have no doubt that Raymer, '08, will be delighted to furnish full details.

Miss McC——, '11—"Does any *mail* come to Annesley on Sundays?"

Miss D——n, '10—"Oh, a few."

The Chancellor (at morning chapel)—"I advise the young ladies not to leave money lying around. Either leave it locked in your trunk, or else have a pocket in your skirt."

Overheard in Lake of Bays, Muskoka, late in season:

Polite Minister—"Will you sing for us to-night, Miss?"

Miss W——ll——ce (shyly)—"Oh, Mr. L——ver——ng has already asked me."

Polite Minister (curiously)—"Ah, what is the title of the piece?"

Miss W——ll——ce (still shyly)—"Oh, love that will not let thee go."

Polite Minister (meaningly)—"Indeed!"



I N the *New York Outlook* for October 5th Roger Alden Derby, a former well-known Harvard Rugby player, has a well-written and very sane article entitled "College Athletics," which is well worth perusal. The desire to win has not yet reached such a frenzied state of predominance in the Canadian universities as it has across the border, but there are several improvements that might well be made and several warnings that it would be well to heed. It should not be forgotten that the primary purpose of athletics is not for the further training of the athletically inclined, but for the development of a fondness for playing games and taking exercise in those who treat the matter as of little importance. We cannot do better than quote a couple of paragraphs from the article in question:

"The true object of organized athletics at any given institution of learning is to promote the physical welfare of the undergraduates, to encourage them to participate in stimulating games, and to derive from these games the benefits of fresh air, exercise, and that training of mind and body which only organized athletics can give. The term organized athletics is used to distinguish games in which team play is introduced from such sports as riding, shooting, etc. Furthermore, a comprehensive system should be designed to develop the bodies of the weak as well as those of the strong, and instil in all a habit of and love for out-of-door exercise. Exactly how far these objects are realized can be best determined by an examination of the condition of athletes at the various colleges and universities of the country.

"As conditions exist to-day, participation in sports, far from being general, is restricted to a small body of carefully trained athletes, upon whom the entire effort and interest of the institution are lavished. These men represent the active athletic class as distinguished from the student or social classes, and upon them devolves the task of representing their Alma Mater

in games with rival institutions. The other members of the college or university are quite content to sit on the side lines or in the grand stands and cheer these representatives to that desired end, victory, to idolize them if they win, and generally to execrate them if they lose."



Rational athletics in the University will be likely to prevail if the new physical director, Dr. Barton, can have his way. The Athletic Association has been fortunate in obtaining Dr. Barton as permanent Secretary Treasurer of the Association, who aims to have every undergraduate go in for some kind of athletics. His wide experience of university life has shown him that men who do not need much exercise are, as a rule, the most enthusiastic athletes, while the men who would be most benefited by regular exercise neglect it entirely. It is with this latter class that Dr. Barton expects to spend his time. This year the rule that all students wishing to participate in athletics of any kind must first be examined by the Physical Director will be rigidly enforced.



There were several entries in the recent tennis tournament at Varsity from Victoria, most of whom acquitted themselves very creditably, when the handicap of having to play on grass courts is considered. Among those entered were Miss Graham, Miss McLaren, Messrs. Raymer, Sanders and McKenzie. Miss Graham put up a very strong argument for the Ladies' Championship with Miss Lois Moyes, the lady-champion of Canada, but finally went down to defeat. Miss Graham made up for this, however, by winning the Handicap Championship, despite a handicap of —15. Miss McLaren lost in the Open Singles to Miss Graham, although she managed to win the first set, 6—0. In the Handicap Miss McLaren reached the semi-finals. Sanders reached the semi-finals, and at time of going to press was to play Hodgson, the winner to play Bartlett for the Championship. In the Doubles Sanders and McKenzie were defeated in the third round by Hooper and Lambert, after two hard-fought sets, 7—5, 8—6.

The Tennis Tournament at Victoria this year is being run off in better order and more expeditiously than ever before in the history of the Tennis Club. This noteworthy achievement is due to the energetic efforts of Secretary "Pat" Miller, who is making everybody toe the mark and play their matches when scheduled. At going to press the Undergraduate championship had reached the semi-finals, and the final tussle lay between Green, McKenzie, McLaren and Allin. The Handicap had reached the third round, and the Doubles were already in progress. It is confidently expected that all the matches will be over on or before the end of October—a thing hitherto undreamed of. The entries this year were considerably larger than last year.



Under Captain Lovering's tutelage the Rugby team is gradually coming into shape. Practices are held daily, and two or three times several of the men went over to 'Varsity, where they got some good hard practice with experienced men, which will undoubtedly do the Victoria team a world of good. There are several promising candidates among the Freshmen who are expected to make good. The date of the Mulock Cup games will be decided in the course of a few days.



The Association football players have got down to good hard practice with but little delay, and there seem to be plenty of men to make up the Intermediate team, that will probably be the only one entered from Victoria. Captain Courtice is looking after the raw recruits.



Ed. Archibald, who is well known to Victoria students, has been making further fame for himself this summer along his line of athletics, in the weight-throwing and pole-vaulting events. Ed has won many prizes this summer, among them being sixteen medals for first places in various contests.



The Ladies' Tennis Tournament started last week, and is now well under way. There will be a keen contest this year for first place. It is said that there are a couple of very good tennis players among the Freshettes.

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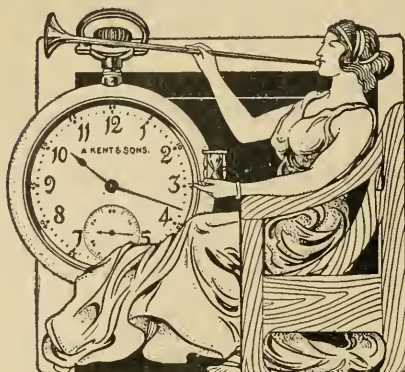
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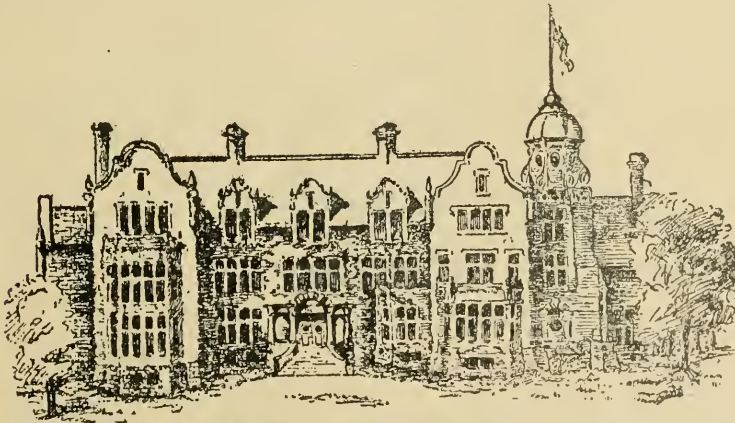
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